A

Loyal SUBJECTS Loveing

ADVICE:

OR,

The only way to Happineſs heare and heareafter, is to fear GOD and Honour the KING, which is to be Obtained by Earneſt Prayer.

This may be Printed November the 11th 1685. R. L. S.

THE want of Prayer proves the Souls Decay,
Men ceaſe to Proſper when they ceaſe to Pray;
Heaven's in that Prayer, when Circl'd round with Vice,
Man Conquers Sin, that's Prayers Paradice.
The fixing of our Hearts on Heaven by Prayer,
Heals Sins deep Feſtering Wounds, Kills killing Care.
O thou Eternal ſempeternal Light,
Give me the power to Pray, to pray aright:
Souls that will mounſt, and gain Coeleſtial Crown,
Muſt Pray with Ardency, look up, not down.
Man's mingling Prayer with Earths cold Cogitation,
Merits ſwift Vengeance, cloath'd in Black Damnation.
Think on thy God, then in thy days of Youth,
Search in the Morning of thy Years for Truth:
No ſooner man to Heaven divine Thoughts reare,
But ſtraight the Devil whiſpers in his Eare.
Think on the World, thy Wealth, thy poor Eſtate,
Means muſt be had, think on thy Neighbours hate;
Think on revenge, think on thy change, thy croſſes,
Thy Law-ſuits, Ships at Sea, thy Land, thy Loſſes;
Away with Prayer, puzel not thy Braine,
Mind thou what's preſent, what's to come refraine:
Thus ſpeaks the ſubtil Feind, of purpoſe bent,
To put us out of practice to Repent;
Like a falſe *Sexton*, he ſets back the Clock
To delay time, maks that our Stumbling Block:

With

With glorious Outside, and deceitful Riches,
Satan fools *Mortals*, Wiſeſt men Bewitches.
O *Hell of Hells*! man to the Cœleſtial Race
Do's ſeldome run, but with a Jade like pace,
Never conſidering how the mind, that's wrapt
In willful Wickedneſs, is ever apt
To pine at Kings, ſnarl at pious Laws,
Stir Rebbels on, to fight Religions Cauſe;
When Truth, and all true Chriſtians know Religion
Conſiſts in true Obedience, not Rebellion.
Men that give way to ill, to increaſe their good,
Bring Famine on a Land, fierce Fire and Blood.
Mercies bright Majeſtie, the Almighty ſtrong,
That tumbles down, the mighty only can
Make the moſt potent Prince the pooreſt man:
The peace of Kingdoms in a Breath disjoynt,
Spit all Earths Children on Wars Rapiers point;
Turn fruitful Fields to Iron, burn the Graſs,
And for our Sins convert the Heavens to Braſs.
Swell ſurging Seas, ye dreadful Deeps with Waves,
Storms, Famine, Fire, and Sword to Dig our Graves:
He muſt, he muſt; bad States-men ne'ar ſo big,
Fall off themſelves in time, break like a Twig.
As one Naile drives another out of place,
So Time clears Truth, drives Flattrie to diſgrace;
Flatters are fearful Fiends, bright Honours ſting,
Serpents, the worſt of Traytors to a King,
Diſſembling Hypocrites, by Hells aid appointed
To Create Plots, to grieve the Lords Anointed.
Prayer, like to haſty Power, fir'd ſhall choak,
Flame Viperous Rebbels to a ſuddain ſmoak.
God bleſs King *JAMES*, and all Diſcenſion Ceaſe,
That we at laſt may have Eternal Peace.

JOHN PIKE.

FINIS.

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